POETRY

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Spinster

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Sara Bard Field

SPINSTER

As one who does not show
Her mortal sickness
Spits unseen blood on snow,
She drops a crimson word
On frozen speech, instantly blurred
By her drab usual phrase.
They say, "How colorlessly cold her ways!"

Sometimes her apathetic eyes
Are lightning-struck by pain:
Never a thunder-clap; no rain—
A wounded doe that cries
With a look. No more:
Her eyes are as before.

Her habit so precise!
"Easy to grasp her style,"
They say, "or make a nice
Sketch of her." Meanwhile,
Firm surfaces apart,
Crumbles her acid-bitten heart.

When dead, her face will hide
Pain's mordant sketch below.
Mannerly she'll go;
Nothing revealed beside
Her name, her birthday and the day she died.

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